To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastors grasse with faythfull English blood.
North. The King of heauen forbid, our Lord the King
Should so with ciuill and vnciuill armes
Be rusht vpon. Thy thrise noble Cosin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the honourable Tombe he sweares,
That stands vpon your royall Grandsires bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne or said,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his liniall royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to rust,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faythfull seruice of your Maiestie.
This sweares he, as he is a Prince iust:
And as I am a Gentlem, I credit him.
King. Northumberland, say thus: the King returnes,
His noble Cosin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaundes
Shall be accomplisht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou hast;
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commendes:
We do debase our selues (Cosin) do we not?
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?
Shall we call backe Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitour, and so die?
Aum. No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle wordes,
Till time lend friends, and friendes their helpfull swords.
King. Oh God, oh God that ere this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off againe,
With words of sooth! Oh that I were as great,

Line 21 as he is princesse just-
29 King. Wido-.

As is my griefe, or lesser then my name!
Or that I could forget what I haue been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou (proud heart,) Ile giue thee scope to beat,
Since foes haue scope to beat both thee and mee.
Aum. Northumberland comes backe frō Bullingbro
King. What must the King do now? must he submit?
The King shall do it: Must he be deposde?
The King shall be contented: Must he loose
The name of a King? a Gods name let it goe:
Ile giue my jewels for a set of Beades:
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage:
My gay Apparell, for an Almes-mans Gowne:
My figurde Goblets, for a dish of Wood:
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe:
My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saincts:
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
A little little Graue, an obscure Graue;
Or, Ile be buried in the Kings hie way,
Some way of common trade, where subiectes feete
May hourely trample on their Soueraignes head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle, thou weepest (my tender-hearted Cosin)
Weele make foule weather with despised teares;
Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the summer corne,
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with sheading teares,
And thus to drop them still vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a paire of Graues
Within the earth: and therein laide; there lies
Two kinsemen digd their Graues with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill doe well? well well I see,
I talke but idlely, and you laugh at mee.
Most mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What sayes King Bullingbrooke, will his Maiestie
Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard die?

Line 30 As thus-.